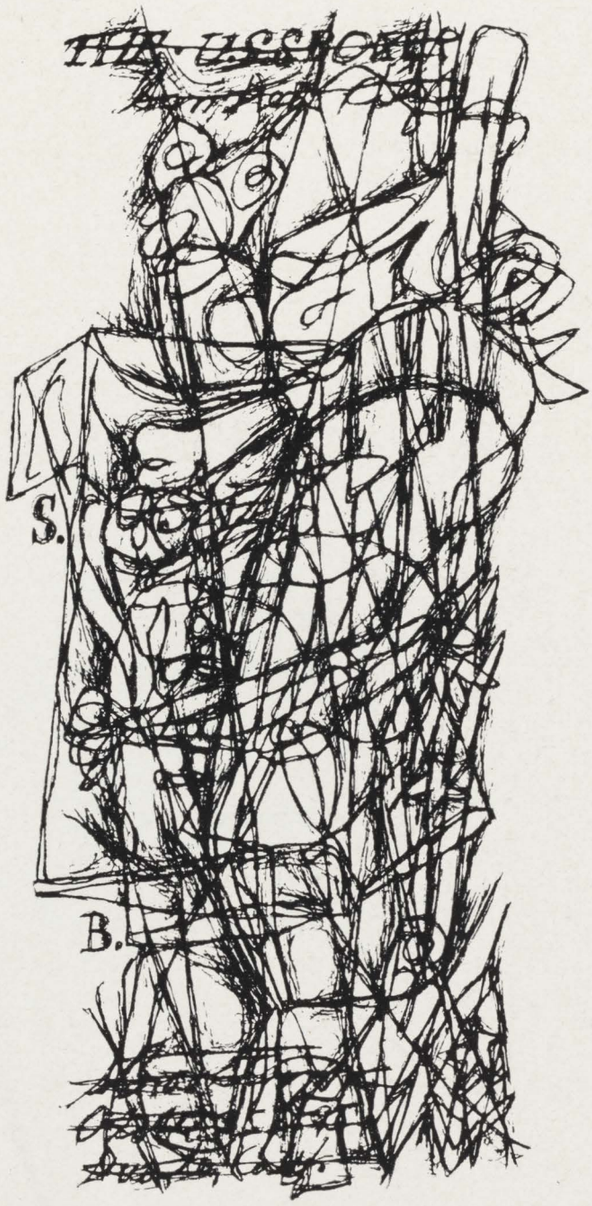
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FIFTY CENTS

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT



one incorporated

FOUNDED 1952

A non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . books, magazines, pamphlets . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for the aid and benefit of social variants, and to promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems of variation . . . to sponsor research and promote the integration into society of such persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from current moral and social standards.



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one

". . . a mystic bond
of brotherhood
makes all men one."

Carlyle

magazine

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EDITORIAL

In the June issue of ONE, Tangents writer Del McIntire reported at some length on a recent decision of the California Supreme Court to exclude evidence against two men, observed performing an illegal act in a public restroom, on the grounds that the evidence against them had been obtained as the result of unreasonable search and that the constitutional rights of the individuals concerned had been violated. In view of the specific importance of this decision to homosexuals in particular the case was widely reported in the homophile press.

On June 14, 1962, a Superior Court of the City of Los Angeles, greatly extending the earlier decision of the Supreme Court, similarly ruled to exclude the evidence against two men arrested in a North Hollywood Park restroom. This case will be reported in detail in a later issue of ONE.

The significance and importance of these two cases cannot be overemphasized. Undoubtedly they will become landmarks in the history of the homophile struggle for recognition of his own civil rights and for fair and equal treatment in the courts of the United States. It will be increasingly difficult for the courts to overlook illegal activities on the part of the police simply because the victims are homosexual.

However, it is most important that every homosexual clearly understand that these decisions were solely against the methods the police used to gather evidence and were in no way in favor of the activities of the defendants. Indeed, if even one single individual makes the mistake of interpreting these decisions as invitations to license or as condoning the kind of behavior involved it would be better had these decisions been other than they were.

The individual homosexual is often his own worst enemy, and so long as he persists in performing acts which, all legal aspects aside, are, when performed in a public place, not only affronts to public decency but which are in impardonably bad taste, he must expect to be both persecuted and prosecuted.

ONE will continue to fight for the legal and civil rights of homosexuals everywhere. ONE will continue to report and to consider as victories for the homophile movement such decisions as the two under consideration here, but, no more than the courts, or society in general, does ONE condone the type of behavior which brought these cases before the courts in the first place.

Marcel Martin,
Associate Editor





THE SOCIETY FOR HUMAN RIGHTS—1925

by Henry Gerber

The joyful news that the State of Illinois had recently, to some extent at least, given up its persecution of homosexuals was appreciatively received by all of us concerned. Just 37 years ago, in 1925, a few of my friends and myself were dragged off to jail in Chicago causing our own efforts to ameliorate the plight of homosexuals to come to an early end.

From 1920 to 1923, I had served with the Army of Occupation in Germany after World War I. In Coblenz on the Rhine I had subscribed to German homophile magazines and made several trips to Berlin which was then not occupied by American forces. I had always bitterly felt the injustice with which my own American society accused the homosexual of "immoral acts." I hated this society which allowed the majority, frequently corrupt itself, to persecute those who deviated from the established norms in sexual matters.

What could be done about it, I thought. Unlike Germany, where the homosexual was partially organized and where sex legislation was uniform for the whole country, the United States was in a condition of chaos and misunderstanding concerning its sex laws, and no one was trying to unravel the tangle and bring relief to the abused.

The "holy book" of the Hebrews had, 3,000 years ago, forbade certain non-procreative sex acts. Christianity and the State have put holy matrimony upon a pedestal and they defend this institution by outlawing all other means of sexual gratification.

To go before each State legislature and argue the real nature of homosexuality would be plainly a job too costly to be considered. The conduct of many homosexuals in their unpardonable public behavior clearly led to public protest against all homosexuals. Here were only two stumbling blocks on the road to reform.

I realized at once that homosexuals themselves needed nearly as much attention as the laws pertaining to their acts. How could one go about such a difficult task? The prospect of going to jail did not bother me. I had a vague idea that I wanted to help solve the problem. I had not yet read the opinion of Clarence Darrow that "no other offence has ever been visited with such severe penalties as seeking to help the oppressed." All my friends to whom I spoke about my plans advised against my doing anything so rash and futile. I thought to myself that if I succeeded I might become known to history as deliverer of the downtrodden, even as Lincoln. But I am not sure my thoughts were entirely upon fame. If I succeeded in freeing the homosexual, I too would benefit.

What was needed was a Society, I concluded. My boss, whom I had pleased by translating a work of philosophy from the German, helped me write a Declaration of Purpose for our new Society for Human Rights, the same name used by the homosexuals of Germany for their work. The first difficulty was in rounding up enough members and contributors so the work could go forward. The average homosexual, I found, was ignorant concerning himself. Others were fearful. Still others were frantic or depraved. Some were blasé.

Many homosexuals told me that their search for forbidden fruit was the real spice of life. With this argument they rejected our aims. We wondered how we could accomplish anything with such resistance from our own people.

The outline of our plan was as follows:

1. We would cause the homosexuals to join our Society and gradually reach as large a number as possible.

2. We would engage in a series of lectures pointing out the attitude of society in relation to their own behavior and especially urging against the seduction of adolescents.

3. Through a publication named *Friendship and Freedom* we would keep the homophile world in touch with the progress of our efforts. The publication was to refrain from advocating sexual acts and would serve merely as a forum for discussion.

4. Through self-discipline, homophiles would win the confidence and assistance of legal authorities and legislators in understanding the problem; that these authorities should be educated on the futility and folly of long prison terms for those committing homosexual acts, etc.

The beginning of all movements is necessarily small. I was able to gather together a half dozen of my friends and the Society for Human Rights became an actuality. Through a lawyer our program was submitted to the Secretary of State at Spring-

field, and we were furnished with a State Charter. No one seemed to have bothered to investigate our purpose.

As secretary of the new organization I wrote to many prominent persons soliciting their support. Most of them failed to understand our purpose. The big, fatal, fearful obstacle seemed always to be the almost willful misunderstanding and ignorance on the part of the general public concerning the nature of homosexuality. What people generally thought about when I mentioned the word had nothing to do with reality. Against human stupidity even the gods fight in vain. What could one accomplish trying to help such people?

Nevertheless, we made a good start, even though at my own expense, and the first step was under way. The State Charter had only cost $10.00. I then set about putting out the first issue of *Friendship and Freedom* and worked hard on the second issue. It soon became apparent that my friends were illiterate and penniless. I had to both write and finance. Two issues, alas, were all we could publish. The most difficult task was to get men of good reputation to back up the Society. I needed noted medical authorities to endorse us. But they usually refused to endanger their reputations.

The only support I got was from poor people: John, a preacher who earned his room and board by preaching brotherly love to small groups of Negroes; Al, an indigent laundry queen; and Ralph whose job with the railroad was in jeopardy when his nature became known. These were the national officers of the Society for Human Rights, Inc. I realized this start was dead wrong, but after all, movements always start small and only by organizing first and correcting mistakes later could we expect to go on at all. The Society was bound to become a success, we felt, considering the modest but honest plan of operation. It would probably take long years to develop into anything worth while. Yet I was willing to slave and suffer and risk losing my job and savings and even my liberty for the ideal.

One of our greatest handicaps was the knowledge that homosexuals don't organize. Being thoroughly cowed, they seldom get together. Most feel that as long as some homosexual sex acts are against the law, they should not let their names be on any homosexual organization's mailing list any more than notorious bandits would join a thieves' union. Today there are at least a half dozen homophile organizations working openly for the group, but still the number of dues-paying members is very small when we know that there are several million homosexuals in the U. S.

We decided to concentrate our efforts on the State of Illinois. The laws of Illinois in 1925 were comparatively liberal in that sodomy was of the common law type, that is, the existing sodomy law only involved one sex act, anal intercourse (pedication). All other forms of sex activity by the homosexual were punishable as "disorderly conduct," when in public. The punishment for sodomy was from one to ten years in prison. Sodomy included all extreme and rare acts such as the brutal raping of children and the causing of physical injury. Cases of this sort should really be included in the rape statute, but are not, thus making no distinction between the harmless sex act between consenting adults and a heinous crime. The "crime against nature" could, in Illinois, also be committed by a man with a woman, in the same manner or with an animal. The word homosexual does not appear in any sodomy laws of any penal code. In the new Illinois sex code there is a reference to "deviates," both homophile and heterophile.

It is hard to believe that Mother Nature needs our police to protect her from her creatures. If such a nonsensical expression as "crime against nature" can be used at all, it should be only in the case of abortion, where an interference of the bodily function of birth takes place. But this crime could only refer to heterosexuals.

According to the research of Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, only about 8% of homosexuals practice the anal act. In Illinois all other forms of homosexual intercourse were handled as disorderly conduct—but only if practiced openly. When the State of Illinois later amended the sodomy provision, oral acts were also included. Since most homosexuals have their dealings with partners who are also guilty of sodomy, and in the privacy of their homes, an arrest for sodomy rarely occurs. This is why few are frightened by the heavy penalties for sodomy (life imprisonment in Georgia). The absurdity of the Illinois law in 1925 is obvious. Yet it was substantially better than most other States.

Jesus was allegedly betrayed by one of his intimate male circle of twelve apostles. The Society for Human Rights' downfall also happened to come from within. We had agreed to make our organization a purely homophile Society, and we had argued and decided to exclude the much larger circle of bisexuals for the time being. Neither I nor John, our elected president, had been conscious of the fact that our vice-president, Al, was that type. In fact, we later found out that he had a wife and two small children. I had once visited him at his home on Rush Street, but had no idea that the woman living next door was his wife.

One Sunday morning about 2 a.m., I returned from a visit downtown. After I had gone to my room, someone knocked at the door. Thinking it might be the landlady, I opened up. Two men entered the room. They identified themselves as a city detective and a newspaper reporter from the *Examiner*. The detective asked me where the boy was. What boy? He told me he had orders from his precinct captain to bring me to the police station. He took my typewriter, my notary public diploma, and all the literature of the Society and also personal diaries as well as my bookkeeping accounts. At no time did he show a warrant for my arrest. At the police station I was locked up in a cell but no charges were made against me. In the morning I was given permission to call my boss who, for my work's sake, fixed my status as "absent on leave."

With a few other persons, unknown to me, I was taken to the Chicago Avenue Police Court where I also found John the preacher and Al the laundry queen and a young man who happened to be in Al's room at the time of arrest. No one knew what had happened. A friendly cop at the station showed me a copy of the *Examiner*. There right on the front page I found this incredible story:

Strange Sex Cult Exposed

The article mentioned Al who had brought his male friends home and had, in full view of his wife and children, practiced "strange sex acts" with them. Al's wife had at last called a social worker who reported these "strange doings" to the police. A raid of the flat, the report continued, had turned up John, a preacher, and Henry, a postal employee, and all were put under arrest. Among the effects in Al's flat they found a pamphlet of this "strange sex cult" which *"urged men to leave their wives and children."*

What an outright untruth; what a perversion of facts! John was alone in his room when arrested, and I

was too. We were not with Al; nor did we know of his being married and having children.

There had been no warrants obtained for our arrests. The police, I suppose, had hoped or expected to find us in bed. They could not imagine homosexuals in any other way. My property was taken without excuse. This, in the United States *anno domini* 1925 with the Consitution to protect the people from unreasonable arrest and search. Shades of the Holy Inquisition.

So, that was it! Al had confessed his sins but assured us that the reports of the detective and reporter were distorted. On Monday, the day after our arrest, in the Chicago Avenue Police Court, the detective triumphantly produced a powder puff which he claimed he found in my room. That was the sole evidence of my crime. It was admitted as evidence of my effeminacy. I have never in my life used rouge or powder. The young social worker, a hatchet-faced female, read from my diary, out of context: "I love Karl." The detective and the judge shuddered over such depravity. To the already prejudiced court we were obviously guilty. We were guilty just by being homosexual. This was the court's conception of our "strange cult."

The judge spoke little to us and adjourned court with the remark he thought ours was a violation of the Federal law against sending obscene matter through the mails. Nothing in our first issue of *Friendship and Freedom* could be considered "obscene" of course.

At this first trial the court dismissed us to the Cook County Jail. Our second trial was to be on Thursday. They separated John from Al and me. In our cell Al broke out crying and felt deeply crushed for having gotten us into the mess. George, who had been arrested with Al, did not lose any time while a guest of the Chicago police. Among the prisoners was a young Jew who asked me if I wanted a lawyer. He recommended a friend of his, a "shyster" lawyer who practiced around criminal courts. I made a request to see him and he appeared the next morning. He seemed to be a smart fellow who probably knew how to fix the State Attorney and judges. He had the reputation of making a good living taking doubtful cases. He also handled the bail bond racket and probably made additional money each month from this shady practice.

The lawyer told me at once that our situation looked serious. But he said he could get me out on bail. He would charge $200.00 for each trial. I accepted his services, although I know that it would have been cheaper to merely accept the maximum fine of $200.00.

We were in a tough spot. Nietzsche once wrote in his *Dawn of Day* "Ever since the creation of the world, no authority was willing to be made the object of criticsm . . ." The following Thursday the four of us were taken before the same judge. This time two postoffice inspectors were also present. Before the judge appeared in court, one of the inspectors promised that he would see to it that we got heavy prison sentences for infecting God's own country.

As the trial began, our attorney demanded that we be set free since no stitch of evidence existed to hold us. The judge became angry and ordered our attorney to shut up or be cited for contempt. The postoffice inspectors said that the federal commissioner would take the case under advisement from the obscenity angle. The second trial was then adjourned until Monday. The lawyer made one last request that we be released on bail. The judge hemmed and hawed but set bail at $1,000.00 for each of

us. The lawyer made all the arrangements and collected his fees.

Being a free man once more, I went down to the post office to report for work. But I was told that I had been suspended—more of the dirty work of the postoffice inspectors. Next I called upon the managing editor of the *Examiner*. I confronted him with the article in the paper. He told me he would look into the matter and make corrections, but nothing was ever done. I had no means to sue the paper, and that was the end of that.

Meanwhile a friend of mine succeeded in getting me a better lawyer —the one who had made our request for a charter. He agreed to take my case, also for $200.00 a trial. Calling the shyster, I told him of my inability to pay for another trial.

Three Times Tried is the title of a book dealing with the trials of Oscar Wilde. For we founders of the Society for Human Rights it was to be our third appearance in court. But unlike the fate of Oscar Wilde, our's turned out altogether differently. I knew before hand that our case would be dismissed since my new lawyer advised me that everything had been "arranged" satisfactorily.

The day of the third trial we met a new judge. The detective who had made the arrests was there, the prosecuting attorney, the two post office inspectors, and even my first lawyer who found he had become interested in the case. The judge, who had reviewed our earlier trials, immediately reprimanded the prosecution. He said "It is an outrage to arrest persons without a warrant. I order the case dismissed." Al who had pleaded guilty to disorderly conduct received a fine of $10.00 and costs. The social worker was not present at this trial. Our lawyer told the judge in the presence of the baffled post office inspectors that he knew for sure that the Commissioner would take no action as far as the alleged obscenity of mailed literature was concerned. The judge also ordered the detective to return my property to me. I got my typewriter, but my diaries had been turned over to the postal inspectors and I never saw them again. I had never put down in my diaries anything that could be used against me, fortunately.

Since I had paid the fine for Al, we were all set free. The fellow who had been with Al also went free. As we prepared to leave, the prosecuting attorney spoke to me. "Well, its all over now and there are no hard feelings on my part. I admit I had nothing on you, but the boy who had been rooming with the preacher had confessed to having sex with him." Ah! This explained the question of the detectives when they arrested me. "Where is the boy?" This had puzzled me ever since. The experience generally convinced me that we were up against a solid wall of ignorance, hypocrisy, meanness and corruption. The wall had won. The parting jibe of the detective had been, "What was the idea of the Society for Human Rights anyway? Was it to give you birds the legal right to rape every boy on the street?"

I took a new room, on Oak Street near the beach, and since I had no more job, took life easy now recovering from the mental shock of having been in the clutches of such Unholy Inquisition.

The lawyer advised me he could get my post office job back. But I had no more money for fees and took no action. After a few weeks a letter from Washington arrived advising me that I had been officially dismissed from the Post Office Department for "conduct unbecoming a postal worker." That definitely meant the end of the Society for Human Rights.

After this I left Chicago for New

York. I visited an old friend who had been with me on the newspaper in Coblenz. He told me that his office badly needed a good proofreader. My friend introduced me to the Colonel in charge and showed him my excellent recommendations. This former Major General of World War I told me he would be glad to have me in his outfit. I reenlisted in the Army and served 17 years in this office. In 1944 I was recalled to military service and received my honorable retirement in 1945.

Times have changed. Other homophiles are now carrying on the work I attempted and they are luckier than I was. Now, in 1962, there are several organizations working for the rights of homophiles all over the world. And I, of course, have contributed to their work ever since.

LIBERATION

An unforeseen awareness,
Caught in circuitous existentialism,
Awaiting liberation from entrapment,
Stares at the ceilinged oubliette.

Slowly and stealthily emphatic rapport,
Evolves into cognizance;
A spiritual rapine shatters guarded walls,
As the seeded brain bursts into bloom.

J. Lorna Strayer

tangents

news & views

by sal mcintire

IT'S CONSITUTIONAL RIGHTS OF MINORITIES, NOT ATHEISM & HOMOSEXUALITY:

The post office stopped issues of 3 beefcake magazines, TRIM, GRECIAN GUILD PICTORIAL, and PHYSIQUE MAN-ual, as "obscene," but the magazines took it up to the U.S. Supreme Court (perhaps learning from ONE's example)—and got a ruling that not one was obscene. And 3 of the Justices held (perhaps just plain tired of post office self-inflatings) that Congress had **not** given the Postmaster General any power to set up an administrative procedure of his own for determining what is obscene!

By chance, the above ruling happened to be handed down the same day as the famous "school prayer" decision. Then a curious thing happened. The two decisions got linked in some people's minds.

As NEWSWEEK put it:

> Many citizens were infuriated by the fact that in the same prayer-banning session, the Supreme Court had restored postal privileges to three homosexual magazines.

The implication, of course, is that the Court is for atheism & homosexuality!

Both decisions have to do with the same thing, all right—but that thing is constitutional rights of the individual and of minorities—for which, we think, the Court should be mightily praised, instead of being subjected to ridicule.

Perchance we homosexuals should get snooty and ask for a segregated court calendar. No telling who sloppy-thinking minds might lump us with next!

OH GRANDMA, HOW SECRET & SINISTER YOU LOOK, YOU MUST BE A HOMOSEXUAL!

Masters' boogeyman book, THE HOMOSEXUAL REVOLUTION, had itself a nice little ad in THE NEW YORK TIMES. Masters is of that old familiar watch-out-or-the-secret-world-homitern-will-get-you school.

To us, of course, that's laughable, but Masters knows that's the way to sell the book to hetero's—making us secret & sinister. And that is REALLY funny 'cause he bla-

tantly swiped most of his info about homo organizations from a book ONE published years ago called HOMOSEXUALS TODAY in an attempt to **publicize** the homosexual movement!

And it sure is ironic that Masters can make money screaming about us "secret" homosexuals by carrying an ad in one of the very same publications that has flatly refused **our** money for an ad for ONE's book service—in an attempt to help lift the silly "secret & sinister" label on homosexuals.

And revolution? Ha! The only revolution homosexuals want is relief from persecution that comes from ignorance, superstition, and boogeymen that make money off us by screaming we're what we ain't!

WE WANT CLIPPINGS!

TANGENTS is womped up from clippings our friends send us. We can't afford yet to subscribe to a regular clippings service (and besides, we're not sure a regular clippings service would recognize half the gay items)! So when you see something, send it on. Don't assume we've already seen everything. Sometimes only one paper dares print a story (like that story-behind-the-story of that Griffith-Paret fight a friend back east sent us)! And the clippings go into ONE's permanent archive, which will be, and probably is already, the largest and most complete homophile clipping archive in the world.

OF MANY THINGS, OF CABBAGES & QUEENS:

According to LOOK, part of the events leading up to the Billie Sol Estes scandal was "a young physician" of Pecos, Texas, who was charged with sodomy with boys and died from an overdose of sleeping pills . . . Those two sister beefcake biggies, THE YOUNG PHYSIQUE and DEMI-GODS, have announced they're going to be even bigger—enlarging to the size of ESQUIRE . . . Officials in Hempstead, England, added a fig leaf to their bronze nude Greek discus thrower and announced it was "to avoid any suggestion that we were offending public dignity" . . . The British film, A TASTE OF HONEY, which has a shy young male homosexual role, is getting rave reviews, and they say it's even better than the play . . . U.S. Immigration tried to deport Swiss-born Fleuti on the grounds his homosexuality evinced "psychopatic personality," but Fleuti took it up to U.S. Court of Appeals which declared the order of deportation void . . . A new Italian film, ARTHUR'S ISLAND, of a 15-year-old boy who discovers his father is homosexual, is winning prizes . . . Charles Feinberg, Detroit oil magnate, added to his famous Whitman collection (he owns half of all Whitman letters, the other half being in universities) by paying $10,000.00 for 41 letters and 21 postcards found in La Habra, Calif. . . . The witchhunt is still on in Florida. We wonder what REAL scandal the public's attention is trying to be diverted away from. But at least some of the victims are wiseing up. Three teachers (one male and two female) were dismissed from Pinellas teaching jobs for homosexual activities, but they hired an attorney and are taking it up on appeal. We hope they've got the money to go on up if necessary . . . L.A.'s music critic Goldberg remarked that, as always, the fullest house at Hollywood Bowl's season was the yearly All-Tchaikovsky program . . . Arkansas authorities admit they're in a quandary on what to do about "David Reginald Van Rippy" who they arrested for

bigamy. The prison physical disclosed it was definitely a woman, and the law says nothing about bigamy by a woman marrying two other women. The second "wife," caused the arrest, gave the officials the story that she had no idea her "husband" was a woman. Well, at least that's her official story. Come to think of it, what else COULD she say?

ONE HEARS . . .

That LA postoffice, very likely others too, is now cannibalizing its own: locally, Postal Inspector James G. Hudson is reported as grilling postoffice employees with dark intimations that he has plenty on them and tries to get them to finger other employees with accusations of being homosexual. Worst is that some employees apparently panic and do just that. So, the so-called "security risk" racket goes on and on, far beyond the bounds of any conceivable considerations of national security. Some day someone is going to have to spell it out real plain to compulsive homosexual-hunters-out that psychiatrists long ago identified the urge with latent or suppressed homosexuality within the hunters themselves. Maybe then the paid snoopers just might watch their steps a bit more carefully, lest their employers (we, the public) start giving them queer looks too. Dirty part of the whole deal is that it is all very hush-hush. The "homosexual trackers" never can stand the honest light of decent public opinion shining upon their works. That wouldn't be at all fair, you know. Now the question is, who higher-up is back of the whole performance, for these James G. Hudson-level guys around the country never would stick their necks out all on their little own, would they? If you detect a funny smell these days around your own local postoffice, drop us a line on the details, and hope it doesn't get "lost" enroute.

HANDWRITING & HOMOSEXUALITY

Back in 1956 (August-September) a good many thought the Magazine was stooping pretty low by publishing a full-page ad on grapho-analysis, signed by the late M. N. Bunker, who had visited our offices a number of times. Now along comes a two-column story in NEWSWEEK (August 6), and there have been others elsewhere, hinting that it just could be that grapho-analysis, or other handwriting examinations, will supplement, even replace, the far-famed Rorschach tests as a revealer of personality traits. Could be. Anyhow, Bunker was an interesting man to talk to and wrote extensively, as well as understandingly, on homosexuality.

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"The old man stopped the car at a hot dog stand. There was just a soft raindrop patter now. 'How about something to eat?' asked the old man, patting Danny on the leg."

Clay Robinson

DANNY AND THE OLD MAN

Danny did not get out of bed until noon one Saturday. He rushed to the dining hall, where he gulped some coffee, tentatively bit into greasy sausage and cold potatoes, then left in disgust. He started walking back to his dormitory room, but he did not stop at his door. He went across the parking lot, kicking a white pebble along with his feet as he walked, then into the park. He had not been hungry really. And, since he was without money, he had better not become hungry before suppertime.

Danny looked down at his scuffed loafers, almost soleless, but well-heeled because he walked on the ball of his foot, bounding along through the campus, oblivious to everything except himself.

It was raining—not a real rain, but a drizzly counterfeit. A misty shroud encompassed the park, chloroformed the grass, budded the oaks. There was no one else in the park because of the misty rain. Danny's face was moist, for he had been walking fast, without an awareness, however, of speed, or where, or when.

A muscular, raw-boned old man stopped his battered Plymouth beside Danny, and asked him if he wanted a ride.

"I dunno." Danny said, "I'm not going anywhere in particular."

"C'mon," the old man beckoned, "get out of the rain at least." He patted the leather upholstery of the carseat.

Perhaps not fully back in reality, Danny was silent. But was this reality? Now, when the old man opened the door of the car, the car old and grumpy, squeaking, Danny sat beside the old man, who started the engine; what was it?

The old man drove carefully, although with only one hand on the wheel, the other on his thigh.

The boy was flushed from his walk. He had walked very fast, apparently for no reason. He tensed, his muscles stiffening, knotting. There came a slight wooziness over him. His stomach had suddenly rebelled against having gone long without food. His stomach groaned, embarrassingly.

The old man stopped the car at a hot dog stand. There was just a soft raindrop patter now. "How about something to eat?" asked the old man, patting Danny on the leg. Just a gesture, perhaps. The cooking meat had an odor sweet to Danny's nostrils. He wanted to say, "Yes," but one cannot accept food from a stranger. Of course, one does not accept a ride from a stranger, either. His eyes darted around the inside of the car. In back were empty beer cans, a dusty pillow, yellowed newspapers. "No thanks," he mumbled.

The old man went to the stand. He bought four hot dogs, which he smeared with yellow mustard. He had left the key in the car ignition. 'I could have driven off,' Danny thought, 'but he must have known I would not. How?'

"C'mon, have a hot dog," said the old man, "I can't eat them all myself." So Danny took a hot dog, ate it wolfishly; while the old man chewed on his first hot dog, Danny had another. "You weren't hungry, eh?" said the old man, when the second hot dog had been downed. "I wasn't really as hungry as I had thought, myself," he said.

"Heh, you're gonna have to have something to wash her down with," the old man said. "Beer?" He produced two warm cans of yellow, foaming beer. It was beer, however, and, when you're underage, tastes so much better.

They roared along through the park; the student began to relax a little, with the beer in his stomach. The rain had stopped, and the sun had begun to break through the overcast. It was hot on the wet of the pavement, and soon the concrete dried. The boy had stretched out on the seat, his head against the doorpost, and he had dozed.

The roar softened; the car stopped. He awoke to find the car on a country road. He did not know how long he had slept. He was frightened, his whole body tense. He had to control his body, to keep it from quivering. The boy was keeping his eyes shut, although he was awake. He was thinking back to when he had been a seventh-grader, and had had to give an oral report before his class. Excited, he had forgotten to zip his fly after going to the bathroom. Some boys giggled; a girl saw, and looked away. He turned red, but could not zip the fly with the class watching. He thought now, 'Is my fly unzipped? Is that why the old man is looking at me?' But his fly was not unzipped. He started to move, to let the old man know that he was awake.

The old man went behind the car to urinate. The boy, Danny, needed to urinate too, but controlled the need, feeling queazy in the stomach, but not moving. Again the key was in the car ignition. Danny thought, wildly, of getting into the driver's seat, and driving away, before the old man could return. But he came back, tried to start the car, and it would not start. Danny was glad he had not tried to drive the car away. The needle on the gas gauge showed empty.

"I'll have to walk to the gas station up the road," the old man said.

"I'll walk along too," Danny said.

So they walked along the road, silently, in the hot afternoon sun, until they found the gas station, just a tar-paper shack, a gas pump in front, no bathroom. The boy went around back and urinated.

When they got back to the car, the man started it, and the car screeched off the county road onto a dirt road. They came to a cabin, rough-hewn and tanned as the old man. "C'mon in," said the old man.

The cabin was a bachelor's retreat: a kerosene cookstove, green with yellow trim, the paint chipped; a worn oil cloth on a kitchen table; an iron bed; a walnut dresser, dusty and cluttered; and a single straight-back chair.

Danny's skin itched with prickly heat, so the old man let him use the shower he had constructed outside with a barrel of water.

The old man took the top off a can of beans, slivered two big potatoes and cooked the beans and potatoes together, drowned in catsup. It was a simple meal, but Danny enjoyed it. It was dark, so the old man lit the kerosene lamp. The old man played cowboy tunes on his harmonica, while the boy, Danny, cleaned up after their meal. The boy went to bed first. The mattress was lumpy, with no sheets, but under him a light blanket, over a heavier blanket. The boy fell asleep at once.

The old man smiled warmly—for the first time—blew out the kerosene lamp, and crawled in the bed beside the boy.

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PLACE:	TIME:	HOURS:
ONE's Office	Saturday and Sunday	Saturday: 12-8 P.M.
2256 Venice Blvd., L. A.	Oct. 13th-14th	Sunday: 2-6 P.M.

Paul Britton

Should a Homosexual be Advised to Marry?

This I have run into somewhere—and many and many a time—in my travels and wanderings in the hinterlands of the homosexual life . . . and this I find a most intriguing question. Frankly it has haunted me for a long, long time—not the question, really. But the answer that immediately and invariably flashes into my mind. Why in the name of Heaven—if the homosexual is a bonafide homosexual—would he ever consider such advice or such a step necessary in the first place?

Now be it remembered here in this we are not splitting bi-sexual hairs—and experts or no, we are assuming there is such an animal as the true blue one hundred percent pure homo—and, believe me! I do believe there is such!

Meanwhile, back at the bar — I know a homosexual might find himself in the possibility—via marriage—of assuring himself of a life of ease, financial security, luxury, even great wealth! Ah, yes! it does happen—sometimes! And I can see this as logically raising the question a bit—and creating for the poor thing so unfortunately situated, a bit of a snit.

But this, also, I know—let a "happy score" or a "beautiful love affair" develop along about this time—and just watch and see all that there temptation go a-flying out the window! . . . if the homosexual is a homosexual . . .

Now, on the other hand have any of you ever had the experience of meeting a homosexual who managed to go through with the marriage scene?—say, some ten years much too late? If you have, I'm sure I don't have to tell you here you have the true sick homosexual—and for real! Especially if this happens to be the falling in love bit for him. The anguish and the soul tearing that now ensues is something to behold!

Where now, pray tell, the well-wishers and the advisers who knew all the answers to help him through? How now to rectify a life that he can no longer tolerate and a life that he cannot have—one that he has little or no chance now of making a successful adjustment to . . . you just can't relive a life, you know!

In cases like this, I have seen them end—and by far not as seldom as you might think!—in murder and suicide for the two men involved; not to mention the wrecking of a family.

After thirty years or so in homoland—putting up with all it ain't—and it AIN'T a whole hell of a lot more than it is, you can take my word on that, all of the lovely prejudice, ducking the law, and all of the heartsick, aching loneliness scene of it—that's our mad, wondrous Gay Life, dears! But I still say: Homo is that Homo Is! And there's only One

Real Solution — stick to the hand that's been dealt to you! Come Hell or High Water, keep looking for your Own Brand in the Great Big General Store of Happiness. Even if you walk out empty handed, I personally believe you will still be better off than trying a very shaky compromise at best. For the winning of a few momentary plaudits from society—the good graces of well-meaning, but very poorly informed, friends and relatives—you risk not only a future hell for yourself, but for a woman—and worse yet, for children. No, I just can't buy it!

And the police files are full of the middle aged, one-time offender and—loser . . . This one who has played it clean—right down the line—somehow, never yielded . . . until one night he's on the loose . . . that one, fatal moment . . .

Dinner downtown — a couple of drinks . . . and nothing—nothing to do.

He goes for a walk in a park . . . or steps into a latrine . . .

Or decides on a daring experiment—to visit a "gay" bar . . .

Oh! This poor innocent! What knows he of entrapment?

Who then explains it to a teen age Linda or Johnny about their dad? Who explains it to a wife who has given everything for this "husband's" happiness? Who stops the scandal? Saves his job? Who repairs this Hell then? Who saves him from the terrors of his own soul? Who bails him out of the gutter of guilt?

Who is there then to explain that what went wrong with this man was not the incident of the present—but a thing ill-advised long, long ago.

I hear echoing somewhere in my mind some old bromide—something . . . ". . . unto thine own self be true . . ." And if there be a Crime in Homosexuality — in my humble opinion this is it! Living a Lie! Compounding the felony! The Homosexual marry? Never!

Solution to August CAMPOGRAM

Mr. F. of Stone Mountain Ga. writes "The August CAMPOGRAM was fun. Deciphered the paragraph should read as follows":

"Whatever factors are considered, it must not be forgotten that the basic phenomenon to be explained is an individual's preference for a partner of one sex, or for a partner of the other sex, or his acceptance of a partner of either sex. This problem, is after all, part of the broader problem of choice in general: the choice of the road that one takes, of the clothes that one wears, of the food that one eats of the place in which one sleeps, and of the endless other things that one is constantly choosing. A choice of a partner in a sexual relation becomes more significant only because society demands that there be a particular choice in this matter, and does not so often dictate one's choice of food or of clothing." **Sexual Behavior in the Human Male,** by Kinsey, Pomeroy and Martin.

BOOKS



Notices and reviews of books, articles, plays and poetry dealing with homosexuality and the sex variant. Readers are invited to send in reviews or printed matter for review.

SEX WAYS—IN FACT AND FAITH: Bases for Christian Family Policy. Edited by Evelyn M. Duvall, Ph.D. and Sylvanus M. Duvall, Ph.D., Association Press, New York, 253 pp.

It is now well-known that religion in the Hebrew-Christian tradition was hostile to sex especially in any deviational form. Doubtless in the early stages of Hebrew history, this attitude had some functional utility in the need for a more extensive population to compete with neighboring and hostile tribes. But by the time Christianity had become a recognized institution of society, the hostility had hardened into a tradition which made a virtue of celibacy and chastity even though family procreation became one of the chief sources of recruitment of new members. The Protestant Reformation abandoned celibacy for the clergy, but the Renaissance with its central and far-reaching emphasis upon rationality has had practically no effect upon the religious attitude toward sex until our own times.

The book under consideration represents a very real attempt to deal with sex problems rationally in a Christian setting. It purports to be a guide for study and discussion to assist Christian leaders everywhere to find answers to the perplexing problems of contemporary life, that is, to develop a Christian policy of sexual behavior. The fifteen chapters, each by a distinguished scholar in the field, cover just about every aspect of the sex life and are mostly short, concise, and factual, written in a textbook rather than a literary style. Many annotated references are given as material for continued, wider study.

The chapter, Homosexuality, was written by Dr. Evelyn Hooker, and gives a neat summary of the studies in the field drawing only the conclusion that homosexuals are not different from heterosexuals except in the one aspect of sexual preference. She tactfully avoids any moral or ethical prescription.

Throughout the book the authors, wisely perhaps, touch lightly the subject of policy making and the characterizing of specific acts as right or wrong, quite in contrast to the older religious teaching. One might wish, however, that some criteria for ethical or moral judgment might have been given, such, for example, as Dr. Archie J. Balm presents in his *What Makes Acts Right*. The transition from facts to norms of behavior is never easy and the arbitrary or traditional proscription of specific acts by churches in the past has so often elevated the trivial at the expense of the essential that perhaps it is wise to leave to individual counsellors specific recommendations made in the light of actual conditions and circumstances. The book thus becomes invaluable in giving a scholarly and

extensive background of investigation for conclusions which can never be authoritarian absolutes. Certainly this procedure is in harmony with the most modern concept of rational thinking.

T. M. M.

CHECKLIST & SUPPLEMENT 1961 & SUPPLEMENT 1962, M. Z. Bradley, Texas, $3.30 complete.

Future homophile literary historians and researchers are going to have an enormous job when they come to our period's huge upsurge. Their salvation will come from Miss Bradley's work, by far the best and most complete listing of homophile literature to date. Starting with *Astra's Tower* Special Leaflets #1, 2, and 3 for the years 1958 and 1959 —now out of print—the work has grown considerably and now consists of three mimeographed booklets: the original 69 page CHECKLIST of 1960, the 1961 and now the 1962 SUPPLEMENT. It is hoped co-editors Marion Zimmer Bradley and Gene Damon continue this invaluable contribution.

A unique facet is a section dealing with homosexuality in films. Another is some of the delightfully personal, enthusiastic or acid-etched, pithy bookreviews printed.

THE SUPPLEMENTs are highly recommended for the literary. For the book collector, they are a must.

A. E. Smith

THE SMALL ROOM by May Sarton, Norton & Co., 1961.

This is a novel of a young woman's first year teaching in a top-flight girls college. The lesbianism of world-famous, steel-minded, tweedy-with-heavy-shoes Professor Carryl Cope and her elderly millionairess lover is assumed by all the other characters but only slightly referred to.

The writing is serious and competent but too fast, sketchy, and facile for the large hodgepodge faculty-and-student cast, so oddly coupled with the obvious desire (and talent) to write of intense personal relationships. The portrait of Professor Cope has the germ of inspired writing, and one suspects that if the author had narrowed her cast and let herself go, she might have achieved the brilliant impressionism of Gale Wilhelm or the portrait of a wonderful Proustian female Baron Charlus.

A. H.

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A new novel by the author of *Giovanni's Room* in which barriers of prejudice, both racial and sexual, are broken down by love, sometimes climaxed with sex.

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A brilliant description of the military investigation of an officer accused of being homosexual and its affect on the accused and the accusers.

THE HOMOSEXUAL REVOLUTION, R. E. L. Masters..... $5.95
You are part of a revolution according to the author who blasts ONE, snears at the Daughters, and almost approves of Mattachine. Read the very good section on police brutality.

CIRCLE OF SEX, Gavin Arthur $2.50
A delightful description of the many ways people have sex.

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CAMPOGRAM

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SOLUTION IN OCTOBER ISSUE

Armando Cesari

Prelnde to a Lush Life

A little tragedy, he thought. That's what my life is: a little tragedy. Little, because if I were suddenly to evaporate it would be so insignificant that no one would even notice. And tragic? Yes, my life is that. He smiled with satisfaction; he thought of Blanchard. It was fini between them.

Little and tragic. He could nod with familiarity—indeed—intimacy, at miseries of all shapes and sizes. He enjoyed his masochistic introspections which were spiced with a piquant complaisance. He was aware that at times he felt a bit "superior." He claimed to loathe this trait in himself, but he actually basked in its deliciousness.

The bus pulled into Los Angeles at 4:13 P.M. He waded through the jungle of human bodies as he made his way to the Main Street exit of the bus terminal. It began to sprinkle. He loved the city this way: multitudes tramping on wet pavements—whole sections deserted for a space; dulcet lulls, he called these spaces. Then, as if cued, angry feet would rush onward, filling up the emptiness, stepping on other feet, pushing—growling stomachs hurrying home, anxious to devour succulent meats, to be washed down with piss-colored fluids.

He loved semi-arty-pornographic little book stores that sold all manner of interesting literature from sexy paperbacks and pulps to Andre Gide in French. He had spent many pleasant moments browsing through racks feeling terribly left-bankish. But there was not time for this today.

The perverts, who daily were legion, mingled freely among the crowds: well seasoned war horses and nervous neophytes eyed well-formed boys. He recognized them all, not on a personal level, since he felt above the meritricious; but he played a little devining game—he's one; he's not one; here's another—and since he felt that it took one to know one, he thought he was seldom wrong.

The culinary smells from Angelo's enticed him to the window where a big, brown pig revolved over a fire. The pig held an apple in its mouth and it looked so real that it made him hungry. He hadn't eaten since early that morning when he had made himself and Blanchard a sandwich; that was before the fight. He had just enough for a pastrami and coffee at the lunch counter near the Newsreel Theatre. He quickened his pace.

A crowd was gathered on the sidewalk near the lunch counter, watching an elderly Negro woman whose arms were stretched upward and from whose mouth emanated shouts and cries of anguish. The woman was in agony, and the crowd watched her helplessly. Someone said, "Get a cop." A lady, shaken by the sight, hurried away. Two teenaged girls giggled nervously, apologetically. The rest of the people stood by looking embarrassed. The crowd dispersed gradually and the woman ceased her cries. The woman looked about as if seeking the approval of her diminishing audience, then she crept away. In a moment it was as if nothing had occurred, except he alone remained there, petrified, blocking traffic, no longer hungry.

He was sprawled on his bed. There was a melancholy smile on his lips as he dreamt of Blanchard. You big, gorgeous blond, he thought. I loved you so much. I loved the way your yellow hair turns brownish when you're out in the sun too long. Even your eyebrows turn brown. Even those long eyelashes that guard the two most prefect blue eyes in the world.

He lit a cigarette and paced up and down the room.

It was in the earliest hours of that morning that with his fingers and his mouth and his tongue he had explored Blanchard's body. "You know what," he had asked. "You taste good."

And now there was nothing. Something inside him kept eating away. Just germs, he smiled. They'll keep chewing until I come apart.

The radio in the next room played jazz. The tenor saxaphone blew mournful tones; it hit a high note and held it for a long time. It penetrated through the wall and it made him want to cry. It was like the cries of the poor, beat up, old hag shouting in the street.

When a man has cancer, he employs qualified surgeons with sharp knives to cut it out. Love can be like that—like cancer. It can pain and strangle you to death.

"Go to doctor," Blanchard had demanded. "Maybe it's not too late. I can't, I mean I won't do this with you anymore. I want to help you because I love you. But I love you in another way. I won't do this thing with you again. I might become like, like—you!"

I should feel like getting drunk, he thought. I should feel like dying, but I don't. There's no hurt even, just a sort of disappointment. Like that lady shouting, it was real, but afterwards it was as if nothing had happened.

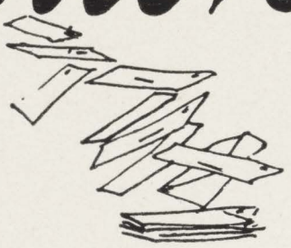
I'll get drunk tonight anyway.

He decided to shower.

He'd go out tonight.

Maybe he'd make a pick up.

Letters



Under no circumstances do the Editors forward letters from readers to other persons nor do they answer correspondence making such requests.

THE BOOK THAT FLAILED

Dear Sirs:

If I were to take the chapter on ONE in **The Homosexual Revolution** seriously I do not know whether I would celebrate your move to new offices by cancelling or by doubling my contribution.

Mr. Masters falls, even leaps, into the pitfall that traps so many. After dividing humans into homosexuals and heterosexuals, like a biologist classifying creatures as birds or beasts, he has only the meaningless catch-all of "bisexual" for those who do not fit his other groups.

The only difference between **hetero** and **homo** sexual is a matter of degree, not kind, since people range from the absolute masculine to the absolute feminine, with either extreme equally rare. By physical standards, the true hermaphrodite stands at the halfway point.

Once in the pit, Masters hasn't the slightest chance of getting out, because he completely fails to recognize and differentiate between the factors of physical characteristics, temperament and sexual activity.

Mr. G.
New York, N. Y.

Dear ONE:

Could it be that our would-be author is but one more in the long and dreary list of those who are "Jacks of all trades but Masters of none"?

Mr. K.
Green River, Wyo.

TO ALISON, WITH LOVE

Dear Friends:

Alison Hunter deserves many bravos and a big kiss for her brief but effective editorial (July, 1962). How about an article by Alison extending the thoughts in this editorial? It would certainly be worthwhile reading for both the "sub-sexes" among your readership.

Mr. R.
Burlington, Vt.

Gentlemen:

In the words of Radclyffe Hall, as quoted by Alison Hunter, I am an "Unlit Lamp." Police, blackmailers and rough trade have prevented me from making friends locally and I still live with my parents while going to college.

I greatly enjoyed the issue (July, 1962). I never knew of ONE's existence. The fiction and poetry were fabulous. The editorial and all the other articles were excellent. In ONE I found a more warm, personal approach than in some of the other homophile publications.

I would like to ask for your help for I am truly leading a life of "quiet desperation," as Alison said in Thoreau's words. At any moment it could all be smashed by my loneliness.

Mr. H.
Garden Grove, Calif.

BELOW PAAR

Sirs:

In Simon Raven's long essay **The Decline of the Gentleman,** Simon & Schuster, 1962, he stands almost alone among artists in having voluntarily and publicly discussed with great candor, objectivity and lack of apology his own homosexuality, as opposed to those often pathetic "post-exposé" confessionals.

I wish I could say the same for Jack Paar's petty lapse into poor taste in his collection of diverse material **My Saber Is Bent,** Simon & Schuster, 1961. Under the heading "Fairies and Communists" Mr. Paar indulges in a tedious, overblown and unoriginal cliché of crude generalizations concerning "fairies."

The worst thing about this essay is that it is a pure bore. It is a distillation of tired

invective and half-truths forced upon the public time and again by masters such as Lee Mortimer, for Mortimer, a more rococco neurotic, is at least amusingly colorful.

But I am concerned with the fact that Mr. Paar is still currently a Wholesome American Symbol to many across the land. These people blandly accept Paar's gospel, true or otherwise, with mouths open; babes accepting morning pablum. Generalizations like gossip, do not have to be remotely connected with truth to achieve their damaging purpose. Mr. Paar, though frequently embarrassing, IS an entertaining person and one who should not feel the necessity for stooping to common vulgarity to make a distorted point.

Mr. H.
New York, N. Y.

THE MASS MEDIA, CONTINUED

Dear Mr. Slater:

On July 15, radio station WBAI-FM (New York City) aired a program called "Live and Let Live." Eight practicing homosexuals discussed the problem which they share in common: life in our present heterosexually-oriented culture.

During the course of the program, one young man said something to the effect that most homosexuals tend to avoid the draft or duty in the armed services. Two panel members, I believe, further mentioned that they had actually informed their draft boards of their homosexual orientation so as to avoid military duty.

I have always wanted to know about homosexuality and the armed services, because I feel that many young homosexuals who read your Magazine are interested. I would like to suggest that you do an article on this topic. I am a new subscriber and it is, I realize, entirely possible that you have already done an article such as I am suggesting.

Mr. P.
Stroudsburg, Pa.

(See, "Homosexual Servicemen," August, 1960—Editor.)

Dear Mr. Slater:

Thank you for your recent letter to **Newsweek** prompted by our July 30th article, "Minority Listening," about WABI-FM's program.

I read your comments with interest and brought your letter to the attention of our TV-radio editors who always welcome the views of our readers.

It was good of you to take the time to get in touch with us to share your thoughts as it is always a pleasure to hear from our readers.

Joan Wharton
For the Editors, Newsweek

Dear Sir:

I did see the movie "Advise and Consent" — the entire homosexual content is twisted around and we are given a watered-down version of the book, with no implication that the Senator was queer (except vaguely, when he told his wife that their marriage had not been one of the best). In fact he smashed his friend down on the streetstones in disgust, stating that it happened only because of the war. His suicide appeared to be motivated more to save the Senate than by personal problems.

In "A Taste of Honey" the queer is absolutely effeminate.

Mr. P.
Ghent, Belgium

Sirs:

Before returning to my native France (where I read and enjoy ONE very much) and where I am a prominent female impersonator, I do want to call your attention to a new motion picture which features one of your American impersonators in the role of a woman. In this picture, "La Poupee," I too play the role of a woman, although it is a small part.

In travelling through your east coast I am shocked at the attitudes of puritanism toward homosexuals and transvestites. In France, Germany and Scandinavia, as you must know, the attitude is different. For almost fifteen years now I have not ever gone through the farce of wearing men's clothes. In fact, the passport people have given me a passport as Miss, to avoid trouble with your immigration persons.

I now return to rehearse for appearances in a new revue somewhat like your "Jewel Box Revue," which I much enjoyed the other evening. We are to appear in cities throughout Europe, except Italy and Spain.

If it is not too bold of me, may I suggest more space in your valuable Magazine for people like myself who have more troubles than most homosexuals? The transvestite is not understood at all, even by my fellow homosexuals and lesbians.

Andrée M.
Paris, France

RELIGION ANYONE?

Dear ONE:

The report of the Daughters of Bilitis Convention you printed in ONE Confidential certainly proves a point—that the clergy don't know what they are talking about. Would give a cookie to have at hand the remarks of "the sophisticated Episcopalian," not to mention "the solid Baptist." Confusion in their thinking AND their Christianity. They should do a bit of reading on the subject of Intention and do a short course on Thomistic

logic. They would then begin to see the light of day; gain some compassion and solid understanding.

Rev. P.
———, Michigan

Dear ONEs:

The July issue arrived early this week. It was unusually good. I enjoyed CONFI too, especially your observations on the clergy. The church, I am convinced, being basically authoritarian as well as strongly anti-sexual, will be the last to accept us. And the "liberal" ones are, as you suggest, no better than the rest. They have merely dry-cleaned their language.

Professor H.
Denominational College, Calif.

Gentlemen:

I am a fairly new reader of ONE, but I have obtained three years of back issues which I have read with interest and, usually, with pleasure. You deserve great credit for the average quality of the product. Having acted as editor for a couple of periodicals I can appreciate the handicaps that you must labor under. I am also aware of the basic journalistic fact that it is impossible to satisfy all your readers any of the time, and only the dissatisfied will usually squawk. This letter, then, is generally speaking an un-squawk.

I wish that more humor could be included though realizing that this is a well-nigh hopeless wish, since good humorous writing is the rarest breed, and bad comedy is much worse than no comedy at all. Your book reviews are both impartial and most helpful. I wish the capsule descriptions of the "Book Service" were likewise.

I feel that there is entirely too much religion - and - the - homosexual material recently. Perhaps there is a demand for this among your readers; I suppose if very many of them are Roman Catholics, this might be of importance. However, anyone to whom I have spoken regarding these articles finds them nothing more than a crashing bore.

One of the pleasantest surprises has been the poetry, some of which has been very good. In common with many of your readers I thought "Gentle Sir/Testament" (May, 1962) to be the finest thing you have ever published and felt it to be a genuinely moving piece. I hope we shall have more by this writer.

Mr. M.
Toronto, Ontario

THE PROJECTED TEXTBOOK

Dear Friends:

The projected textbook "Homosexuals in American Society," by William Dorr Legg (July, 1962) sounds most interesting and, judged by its table of contents, should be fabulous.

Mr. C.
Seattle, Wash.

ONE:

Bill Legg's syllabus extract was by all means the highlight of the July issue. Such a textbook as is proposed by his article would over-shadow the now present laudable works of Cory, I feel at least, with one big and important exception, namely the bases of information.

The effectiveness of this unique kind of gay literature especially among or within our straight counterparts would serve to fill an important gap in understanding which I personally have seen repeatedly to be sadly lacking. I sincerely hope this work is carried to completion and I for one would like to be one of the first to have a copy of my own.

However, I must admit your unusual premature "ad" (in effect, at least) for a yet incomplete work was a tactic Madison Avenue hasn't yet effectively produced. The much-too-short excerpt was a psychological teaser, while at the same time a most delightful and refreshing piece of writing, considering the article as an end in itself.

It is good to know that one can pick up the Magazine and occasionally find a down-to-earth bit of writing which appeals not only to "our favorite subject" but one which also appeals to our own intellect and reasoning.

Mr. A
Barre, Vt.

Dear ONE:

Here's hopes that W. D. Legg's book sees the light of day: a really necessary piece of work.

Mr. L.
Jackson, Mich.

THE BADGE OF COURAGE

Dear Sirs:

I can't help but feel that it is about time for ONE, Incorporated to consider coming out of hiding and to put the corporate name on all mail sent out. You could also put "a non-profit corporation" below ONE, Incorporated, and then the address.

I feel that ONE has done much good in ten years and will probably do much more. No one need feel ashamed for helping you. I also feel that putting your name on all mail would be less suspicious than the present method of just the address.

Mr. S.
Omaha, Neb.

ONE INSTITUTE OF HOMOPHILE STUDIES

The Education Division of ONE, Incorporated

2256 Venice Boulevard, Los Angeles 6, California

announcement and schedule of classes

1962-63 academic year

Education is one of the purposes for which ONE (a non-profit California corporation) was organized in 1952. Its charter calls for "dealing primarily with homosexuality," through research, "educational programs," publications and other such means as are enumerated in its charter.

HISTORY AND ORGANIZATION

ONE's Education Division in January, 1955, sponsored its first public meeting—a Midwinter Institute. Repeated annually since then these Institutes have presented psychiatrists, psychologists, attorneys, clergymen, writers and others, attracting visitors from many parts of United States and Canada as well as from overseas.

Public interest in these programs encouraged the Education Division to make plans for serious academic study of homosexuality on a continuing basis. During the summer of 1956 an Education Division committee reported its finding that scientific and academic study of homosexuality at that time exhibited numerous short-comings.

Notable among these were (1) scholarly timidity in dealing with a topic considered socially distasteful; (2) almost complete absence in institutional budgets of funds for furthering study of the topic; (3) medical, psychoanalytic or other bias limiting the viewpoints of most research; (4) culturally-conditioned

bias concerning homosexuality on the part of most researchers; (5) low level of research work in the field in consequence of the above factors.

The committee's recommendations were accepted by the Corporation, a Board of Trustees appointed and ONE Institute of Homophile Studies officially launched for the fall semester, 1956.

LOCATION AND FACILITIES

The metropolitan area of Los Angeles offers unique cultural and educational resources advantageous to the purposes of the Institute, having for many decades been a center of homophile activities. Two of the three largest existing homophile organizations were founded in Los Angeles. These had been preceded by others now no longer active, including what is believed to have been the world's earliest magazine for lesbians.

The long-established movie industry, the great concentration of TV and radio studios, the second busiest theater center in the country, the many art galleries, museums and libraries, as well as private and public universities, have brought together a wealth of personnel and facilities hardly to be matched elsewhere.

The very large Oriental, Negro and Spanish-speaking populations (the latter dating back to the 18th century) have given this vast area of about seven million persons a tradition of freedom from prejudice most favorable to the development of the homophile movement.

ONE itself has a highly specialized and rapidly growing Library of biography, fiction and non-fiction in several languages on the subject of homosexuality. The Library is professionally catalogued and also includes thousands of newspaper and magazine clippings, case histories, unpublished manuscripts, slides, photographs and other material invaluable for the research student.

PUBLICATIONS

ONE Institute Quarterly of Homophile Studies is the official publication of the Institute and publishes articles, studies, book reviews, scientific abstracts and other scholarly material concerning homosexuality. Single copies are $1.50; annual subscription is $5.00 in United States; $6.00 overseas.

CLASSES AND INSTRUCTION

Classes in the fall semester of 1956 were devoted to a rapid survey of the general position regarding homosexuality of: law, sociology, religion, psychology, etc. This survey course has been repeated frequently since then.

Other courses have been offered, as listed below. A lecture series given by visiting and resident experts in various fields has been well attended. Total attendance at these, the classes and the Midwinter Institutes, has been several thousands.

Students of any level of previous education are admitted to the classes, although instruction is held at the general level of upper division university work. Subject matter of the classes is designed to afford students a greater understanding of the social and personal aspects of homosexuality as well as to lessen tensions and anxiety for those suffering from such effects.

EXTENSION CLASSES

Extension classes for those living at a distance from Los Angeles have been given by travelling faculty

members in Denver and, during two different years, in San Francisco. It is hoped that in the future it will prove possible to continue this activity, also, to offer at least limited instruction by mail and correspondence.

FEES

The fee for each course per semester is $15.00. Visitors are invited to attend single sessions if they wish. The fee for these is $1.00.

CALENDAR

1962

September 17 Fall semester begins.
November 22 Thanksgiving holiday.
December 21 Christmas holiday begins.

1963

January 7 Classes resume.
January 25 Semester ends.
January 26, 27 Midwinter Institute.
February 11 Spring semester begins.
June 11 Semester ends.

OFFICERS AND FACULTY

Thomas M. Merritt, Dean (Emeritus)
William Dorr Legg, Director
Robert Gregory, Secretary

Morgan Farley, Instructor in Drama and Literature, has had a distinguished stage and motion picture career in this country and abroad, appearing on the stage (or co-starring with) Helen Hayes, Alfred Lunt, Katherine Cornell, Eva LeGallienne, Orson Welles, Laurette Taylor, Vincent Price, Charles Laughton and many others. In the movies he has appeared in many pictures — with Gary Cooper (HIGH NOON), Joan Crawford (GOOD BYE MY FANCY), Rhonda Fleming, Frederick March, Billie Burke, Raymond Burr, Gregory Peck (GENTLEMENS AGREEMENT). He has also managed his own stock company for several years and directed soldier entertainment for three years during World War II.

William Dorr Legg, A.B., B.M., M.L.D., (University of Michigan) Associate Professor of Social Studies, trained in music and landscape architecture, has had a professional career in city planning and landscape architecture in Florida, New York City and on the West Coast, specializing in zoning, traffic and population density studies, park design and country estates, contributing to professional journals in United States and abroad. He has been Assistant Professor of Landscape Architecture at Oregon State College, later owner of Dorr School of Design, Hollywood, with a faculty of eight architects, interior decorators, professional artists and landscape architects.

Thomas M. Merritt, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy (Emeritus). Dean Merritt's long and distinguished career as an educator, author and scholar has previously been described in these pages and in ONE Institute Quarterly. He is presently retired from active teaching but continues writing for ONE's publications and giving invaluable service in guiding the development of the Institute's curriculum; available only for individual student consultations.

Donald Slater, A.B. (U.S.C.). Assistant Professor in Literature. University specialization in the novel, particularly Victorian, led him by natural stages into several years of professional library work, followed by bookshop experience. A native Californian, he has given particular attention to West Coast literary movements and social trends. Extensive travel in Europe and the Orient have supplemented his academic training.

DESCRIPTION OF COURSES

Those shown in bold-face type offered in 1962-63.

HS-100 Introduction to homophile studies. Homosexuality, its relation to "the scheme of things," as seen by biology, psychology, law, etc.

HS-101 Second semester continuation of HS-100.

HS-120 Sociology of Homosexuality. The homosexual community studied in terms of basic sociological concepts.

HS-121 Second semester continuation of HS-120.

HS-130 The Gay Novel. Evaluation and analysis of modern trends in homophile literature.

HS-131 Twentieth Century European Homophile Writing.

HS-134 Drama Workshop. Reading and dramatic presentation of homophile poetry and plays. Coaching in self-expression. Thursday evenings, 8-10. Farley.

HS-136 Writing for Publication. The special problems of writing for the American and European homophile press. Individual consultation and group discussions. Hours to be arranged. Slater.

HS-137 Second semester continuation of HS-136. Slater.

HS-140 Library Workshop. Classification and use of scientific works and fiction in the homophile field; cataloguing, bibliographical research. Tuesday evenings, 8-10. Slater.

HS-141 Second semester continuation of HS-140. Tuesday evenings, 8-10. Slater.

HS-141S Summer session Library Workshop. Tuesday evenings, 8-10. Slater.

HS-200 Advanced Survey of Homophile Studies. Prerequisite, HS-100, 101.

HS-201 Second semester continuation of HS-200.

HS-210 Homosexuality in History. From prehistoric to modern times, a survey.

HS-211 Second semester continuation of HS-210.

HS-212 Homosexuality in History. Speculative, scientific and philosophical trends; emergence of a world-wide social movement. Monday evenings, 8-10. Legg.

HS-213 Homosexuality in History. Second semester continuation of HS-212. Analysis of programs and idealogy of homophile organizations in U. S. and abroad. Monday evenings, 8-10. Legg.

HS-251 The Orthodox Freudian Texts on Homosexuality. Seminar.

HS-260 Theory and Practice of Homophile Education. Laboratory course in the planning of specific projects in homophile education.

HS-261 Theory and Practice of Homophile Education. Statistical analysis and charting of education surveys. Prerequisite, HS-260.

HS-310 Homosexuality in Modern German History. From Frederick the Great through the Hitler era. Seminar.